

MR. DOOLEY ON WHAT TO DO WITH ROOSEVELT

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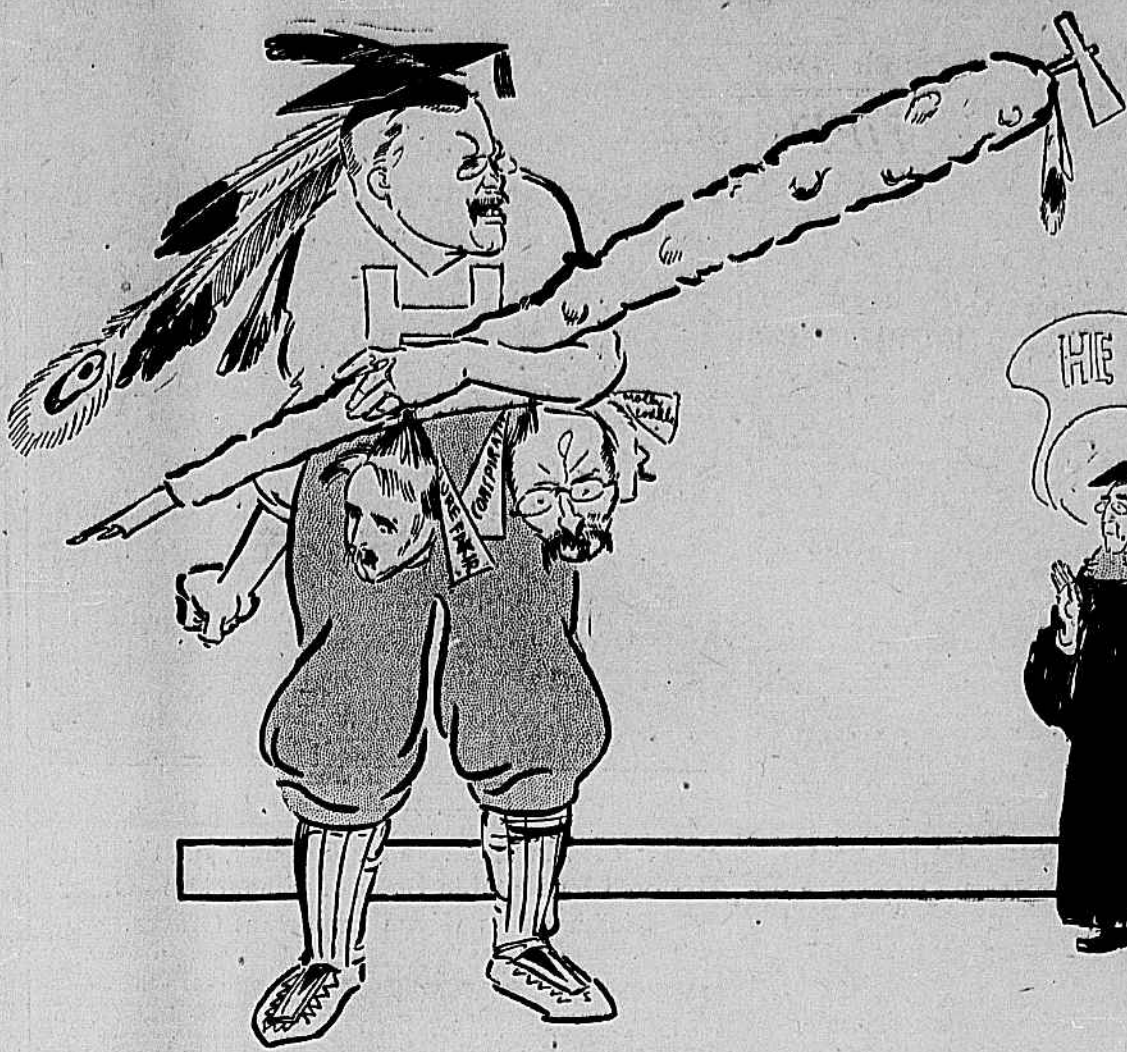
"If He Don't Step Out He's Pushed—an' Down He Comes."

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proud cimitery iv meditation, as Hogan says, an' he speaks as follows: 'I have heard it bruted in th' public prints that an ad has appeared in th' personal column, suggestin' that a gentleman approachin' fifty, sound in all particulars, was desirous iv obtainin' a position as Prisdint iv a university situated in some town near Boston. Address T. R., Wash., D. C. I suppose he means Harvard. It is a very laudandum ambition, but is he qualified f'r th' job? I think not. It is perfectly nachral that a man who has held th' comparatively innocent place iv Prisdint iv th' United States shud want to go higher. But I must flag his vaultin' ambition. Speakin' as th' only survivin' member in Danvers iv th' class iv eighteen eight—ruff—ruff—ruff—ruff—Harvud!—Good gracious, I've swallowed me teeth—no, it's all right—I wish to say I'm again him. I stand committed to ayether Professor H. Jiggs, th' well-known botanist, or J. Q. Pillsbury, th' prominent banker iv Boston. We must have no Prisdint iv Harvard who has iver been brought in contact with that coorse, predatory, crool, vicious anymile, The Boy.'

"Whin this sayin was raypoorted to Tiddy Rosenfelt, he give a light laugh that blew down gr-reat trees an' wrecked a number iv small craft on th' Pottymack, an' says he: 'Pooh! I've as much thought iv bein' a chief iv th' Apache tribe.'

"Whin th' Apaches heerd what th' Prisdint said they were much disturbed. They say they are an active people, but it's wan thing to be out all day scalpin' their neighbors an' it's another thing to have to put in twenty-four hours on th' job. Even an Apache requires a certain amount iv sleep. They say that if Tiddy Rosenfelt carries out his threat they'll put on their pants an' come into town. There's a good deal iv feelin' on th' subjick. Th' Apaches say with truth that Harvard Colledge give Tiddy Rosenfelt to th' Nation an' ought to take him back. Harvard Colledge says Tiddy Rosenfelt didn't come fr'm there, he went fr'm there. There's a difference. Th' Apaches say he's a Harvard man, an' th' Harvard men say he's an Apache. Th' day after he made his announceemint, old Chief Afraid-iv-To-morrow was interviewed be a rayporter iv Th' Tombstone Epitaph—an' a good paper it is, too—an' says he: 'Th' announceemint that Mither Rosenfelt wud sooner be Chief iv th' Apaches thin Prisdint iv Harvard fills us with chagrin an' alarum, which are two things we don't want to be filled with. Agency beef, dead horse, dogs, an' snakes are good atin', but chagrin an' alarum are bad f'r th' digestion. I say now we won't have him. He's too active a man f'r us. He doesn't understand th' thure inwardness iv that old Apache feelin'. I have been in communication with our frinds at Cambridge, an' I have proposed a joint comity iv definse composed iv th' followin': F'r th' Apaches—Gila-Monsther-with-th-Plug-Hat, Old-Man-Catch-a-Cold, Poke-in-th-Lamps, an' Mud-Horse-Charley-Who-Eats-Rattlesnakes-Head-Downward; f'r Harvard—Prisdint Eliot, Professors Hill, James, an' Sandviana. With this sthrong body iv intelchool leaders we feel that we can defend our cherished



"He's Too Active a Man for Us."

institutions an' repel th' outrageous attempt to make us wurruk overtime.'

"An' there ye are. I don't know where Tiddy Rosenfelt will land, unless 'tis in th' Middle West, where we're a kind iv a cross between Harvard an' Apache. He's welcome. We'll push over an' make room f'r him. We'll find a job f'r him. Be hivins, he can have mine. This here neighborhood is gettin' too tough f'r me. Th' place needs a sthronger hand.

"'Tis a gr-reat question always with us, what're we goin' to do with our ex-Prisidents. To stop bein' Prisdint is like jumpin' out av a balloon without a parachute. F'r four or eight years a man is up in th' clouds, an' thin suddenly he is rayquisted to step out into th' cold March air an' rejoin th' boys that have been lookin' up at him. If he don't step out, he's pushed, an' down he comes. 'Oh, look at him.' He's gettin' nearer an' nearer. We can see his face now. It ain't much iv a face atther all. Is that th' face we thought so sthrong? Well, well! His clothes don't fit him. His necktie ain't on sthraight. He's very fat. Hear him talk. He talks th' same foolish way we do. His voice squeaks. 'Twas th' Prisdinty that made it seem so sthrong. Th' White House is a gr-reat soundin' board. In a week's time he's wan iv us, no more, no less. Polismen move him on if he stands on th' corner too long. He has got to do something to make a livin'. He takes up bankin'. A few weeks ago he cud've closed anny bank in th' counthry, an' now he can't keep a bank iv his own open. He tries to practice law, an' a Judge that want come into his office on his stummick now gives a hearty smile at his argymints. There's nawthin' he can do as well as somebody else. Our old Frind Rutherford B. Hayes was a good Prisdint f'r wan that got into th' job with a dark lantern an' a jimmy, but as a raiser iv chickens there wasn't an old lady with four cochin chins in Ohio that didn't look down on him. It makes a lot iv difference in th' game whether ye're dealin' or bettin'. I'm a lofty an' imposin' man to ye, Hinnissy; but what kind iv a figure wud I cut on ye'er side iv th' bar? No, Sir, I take back what I said about givin' up me job as Prisdint iv this bar to Tiddy Rosenfelt. He can't have it. I'm a candiyate f'r relietion f'r th' tenth term, an' th' divle take George Wash'nton an' his example.

"Yes, Sir, 'tis a gr-reat question what we'll do with our ex-Prisidents. But it ain't ra-aly much iv a question atther all, d'ye mind. It's something I think iv whin I've read through all th' advertisements in th' pa-pers, wound me watch, counted up th' cash, an' am waitin' f'r some 'hriflin' amusement like a visit f'r'm you. There's nawthin' else to think iv, an' I think about that. But if ye think much about anything, no matter how thriflin' it may be, it gets to be as big as a lone house painted red. I begin to think iv nawthin' but our ex-Prisidents. They threaten th' land. They obscure th' sun. They're divastatin' our crops. I'm no sooner settled down to sleep thin an ex-Prisdint is knockin' at th' dure seekin' shelter. I must get up an' give him me bed an' go to sleep on th' flure. Th' ex-Prisidents will eat us out iv house an' home. They'll increase so that in a few years respectable people will have no say in th' governmint iv th' counthry. They'll be formin' unions an' leagues; they'll boss us; they'll tyrannize over us; we won't be able to say our souls are our own. On th' other hand, if we don't threat them right, what'll happen? They'll have to take to ignoble pursuits; ex-Prisidents will be pan-

handlin' on th' sthreet corners; they'll be grindin' hand organs; they'll crowd th' thrades an' professyons; they'll destryoy th' dignity iv th' office so that no wan'll iver again thry to be Prisdint.

"'Tis a fearful prospect, but on'y f'r awhile. An' thin I wake up. Ye poke ye'er cherry face into th' dure an' I'm brought back to earth. I raymimber that in me lifetime there have niver been more thin two or three ex-Prisidents alive at wan time. That makes it aisy. What'll we do with our ex-Prisidents? says ye. I don't know what to do with th' Eyetalians, th' Huns, or th' naygurs. They're too many f'r me. But whin it comes to dalin' with two or three old gentlemen out iv a job, I'll tell ye what I'll do. I'll do nawthin'. That's what I'll do. Anny man that gets to be Prisdint iv th' United States don't need to have anny conservator appointed f'r him. Ye bet he don't. A man with that much luck cud make a comfortable livin' takin' chances on sofa pillows at a church fair.

"No, Sir, th' question iv what we'll do with our ex-Prisidents is on'y important to th' ex-Prisidents themselves. We'll say to them: 'Ye've often told us we were th' most enlightened, th' freest, th' kindest, an' best people in th' wuruld. Well, we're goin' to do something fine f'r ye. We're goin' to make ye wan iv us. Last week ye were our servant. Ye said so, though ye often come out an' batted us over th' head with a potato masher. Ye were our servant, but we're goin' to promote ye. We're goin' to make ye an equal. We're goin' to take ye out iv th' kitchen. There's a new cook in there now. I can hear him throwin' ye're soup stock out iv th' window an' sayin' that ye've injured th' stove beyond repair. Take that big aisy chair near th' fire, fall to with knife an' fork, an' thank th' Lord ye don't have to ate ye'er own cookin'.' An' th' ex-Prisdint squares away an' puts in th' rest iv his life criticisin' th' manners iv th' fam'ly an' mutterin' between his teeth, 'What a bum cook.'

"But it must be a har-rd job to let go iv. It's a sthrange thing, th' difference between th' man without th' job an' th' man with a job. An

American citizen in a Prince Albert coat an' a plug hat goes up Pinnsylvania Avenoo followed by two milishy rigmints, th' Chamber iv Commerce iv th' Disthrikt iv Columbus, th' waiters' union, an' th' Wash'nton baseball team. He's an American citizen with a plug hat an' a Prince Albert coat, an' that's all he is. Near ivry wan calls him be his first name. He climbs up on th' grand stand, me frind Melville Fuller, that used to have an office in Dearborn Sthreet before he abandoned th' law, says a few wuruds to him, an' suddenly he's as much changed as if he'd been born again. In about two minnyits he gets a boost th' like iv which was niver known. A King is always goin' to be a King. But no wan is iver goin' to be Prisdint till about twelve o'clock noon on th' fourth iv March, an' in a minnyit atther he's not a King, but an ace. He's th' whole thing. He sweeps th' boards. He may be a little scared at first, but there are plenty to tell him that annything he does is all right. 'What kind iv blooin' is it that ye put into th' sea to make it so blue, Mither Prisdint?' 'Tis a fine moon ye've ordered out to-night.' His story is th' best story iver told; th' fourth-class Post Offices rock with laughter at his jokes. A Gin'ral in th' army steals th' fountain pen that he signed th' bill f'r dhredgin' Akefinakee Creek with. Two millyon childher are named atther him. It isn't sthrange that before he's long in th' office he begins to wonder whether if he goes out something won't crack. 'Tis th' gr-reatest thing in th' histhry iv th' wuruld that a man that's held this job shud be willin' to drop down to th' sthreet level, where's he's l'ble to be run over be a dhray if he isn't careful. I wonder if anny iv them iver was willin'. I suppose they're helped out be th' thought that if they thry to set too long in th' chair they'll find a tack in it.'

"What wud ye do if ye were an ex-Prisdint?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "if I wanted something rale hard to do, something that wud keep me busy an' take up all me time to th' end iv me days, I'd thry to be Prisdint again."



"There's a New Cook in There Now."



"They'll Be Grindin' Hand Organs."